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A RECORD OF THE DARKER RACES

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AND COPYRIGHTED BY THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF COLORED PEOPLE AT 69 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y., CONDUCTED BY W. E. BURGHARDT DU BOIS; JESSIE REDMON FAUSET, LITERARY EDITOR; AUGUSTUS GRANVILLE DILL, BUSINESS MANAGER.

Vol. 29 No. 2 DECEMBER, 1924 Whole No. 170

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THE CRISIS

Vol. 29. No. 2 DECEMBER, 1924 Whole No. 170

Opinion of W. E. B. Du Bois

THE ELECTION

LOOKING back on the election what have Negro Americans gained and lost?

GAINS

1. For the first time in the history of the black voter, black folk have been prominent in the councils of each party organization and have voted for each party in large numbers; and they have done this without meeting to any extent the accusation of being "traitors" to their race.

2. Two Negroes have made the race for Congress. Roberts, a New York Republican, polled 36,000 out of 82,000 votes cast; Watkins, a Chicago Progressive, polled a large vote. In Illinois a Municipal Judge and a State Senator were elected.

3. In Texas the Negro voted almost solidly against the Ku Klux Klan and helped elect Ma Ferguson governor on the Democratic ticket. In Maryland Negroes defeated for Congress two Klan sympathizers and elected a Republican and a Democrat in their places. In New York, black Harlem went Democratic by 10,000 majority to reward Governor Al. Smith, and in the same breath elected a colored Republican to the State Assembly.

4. The "Solid South" stands out alone, without a single buttressing state, as a political "No man's land" and home of "rotten boroughs" where political appeal is impossible. Never before has southern oligarchy stood so naked to the public gaze.

LOSSES

1. The Ku Klux Klan, supporting Republican candidates, won notable triumphs in Indiana, Kansas, Oklahoma and Colorado and suffered defeat only in Texas where the Republicans were defeated.

2. Bascom Slemp, "lily white" leader of Virginia and private secretary and political adviser of the President, has gained a rare personal triumph.

Such are the gains and losses. What of the future? We cast November 4th over two million votes. Of the 15 million votes cast for Coolidge probably a million came from Negroes. They are a last pathetic appeal for justice in the face of unparalleled flouting of black men by this administration. The party is now in triumphant power. Will it pass the Dyer Anti-Lynching bill? Will it stop segregation in Washington departments? Will it attack peonage and seek to enforce the 14th and 15th amendments? If it does none of these things it will lose more and more of its black voters as years go.

Of the other million Negro votes, at least 500,000 were part of the 5 million that went for LaFollette. This was a splendid and far-reaching gesture. The Third Party has come to stay and the Negro recognizes its fine platform and finer leaders.

Probably nearly half a million Negro votes went to Democrats to reward the Northern Democrats and those of the border states.

Thus we have an election in which Negroes voted with greater intelli-

gence and finer discrimination than ever before.

TO THE PACIFISTS

THE Negro population of the world is distributed as follows:

In British West Africa there are	23 millions
French Africa	19 millions
British East Africa	14 millions
Abyssinia	12 millions
United States	11 millions
Belgian Congo	9 millions
British South Africa	9 millions
Brazil	8 millions
Portuguese Possessions	8 millions
Sudan	6 millions

Combining these figures with the number found elsewhere we have a total of 150-200 millions.

In the establishment of Peace, in an effort to do away with the horrors of warfare, there are always two sides to be considered, the disputors and the cause of the dispute, the pursuers and the quarry. We for many years have been the quarry. We have been hunted down, maimed, caught, bought and sold for the sake of that great gift of ours without which civilization must cease—the gift of labor. But now we are tired of being the bone of contention just as other peoples in the world must be tired of contending, so we pledge ourselves to help you in the establishment of peace by playing our part, if only you play yours by refusing your consent to our degradation, —to our exploitation,—to our serfdom. On our part we pledge:

1. To look upon ourselves as men and women the equal of any men and women in the world and therefore possessing within ourselves unalienable rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

2. To refuse to consent to unlawful aggressions on our property or on our lives without protest, with a loud voice from morn till night.

3. To win the respect and regard of other peoples surrounding us if that respect can be won by our own self-respect and self-realization.

4. To refuse to subscribe to any doctrine which would keep us from envisaging the possibility of our attaining to any place no matter how high which life and the world have in their gift. For by our failure to refuse this we should stamp ourselves in our own eyes and in the eyes of others, as an inferior group and there can be no peace while there are superior and inferior groups in the world's economy.

5. To acquaint our paler brothers with the achievements and great deeds of our ancestors and our black contemporaries.

We feel that by living up to these tenets we can benefit not only ourselves, but the rest of the world. By passionately determining to let us no longer form those people about whom war is waged, you will help us free ourselves and set others free from the sin of trying to enslave us and the jealousies of exploiting us. War must cease when the cause for war no longer exists.

JESSIE FAUSET.

FIFTEEN YEARS

WITH the November number THE CRISIS began the 15th year of its life. It has weathered doubt and distrust, misrepresentation and throttling, hatred, concealed plot and open bribery. Without recourse to chronicling crime, broadcasting flattery, retailing petty gossip or specializing in slapstick comedy—without cringing to friend or foe, THE CRISIS has made its way to every state in the nation and every country in the world. All this has drawn bloody

sweat, heartache and despair, with all the inspiration of high resolve and unflinching courage.

Nor are we yet out of the woods. This magazine is self supporting and has been since January 1, 1916. We are proud of this; we often boast of it. And yet what does self support mean? It means that you spend what you earn and no more. It does not mean that you earn enough to support a proper periodical. You know and we know that our income is not large enough to make this magazine what it should be. It needs increase in size, betterment in appearance, and larger variety in contents; it needs ability to pay more to its contributors and workers and it needs funds for investigation and research.

In other words self support is only a first step. It is a necessary step and a step which few periodicals of the better sort have taken. There is no difficulty in selling to the average public, black and white, sensation, foolishness and gush. But it is desperately difficult to sell information, truth and reform. Some months since there was a meeting of liberal periodicals in New York to compare notes. Of those present, including the Nation, the New Republic and the World Tomorrow, THE CRISIS alone was self supporting and our business manager was cheered and made to repeat his report. But after all there was little to brag about; we had cut our pattern to suit our cloth, and a mighty skimpy pattern it was. Yet many folk take THE CRISIS for granted. They think it is here to stay; that it always can and will fight, expose, commend and investigate. This is not true! No institution like THE CRISIS can stand still and "occupy" a position. It must move forward or backward.

If then you want THE CRISIS, support it and increase the number of supporters. Remember THE CRISIS is not trying always to please everybody. That is impossible. But if on the whole this magazine is saying and doing the thing that sensible, educated and far-sighted Negroes want said and done, then make it possible for us to carry our message to a wider audience and tell with redoubled efficiency.

If you do not do this, you will not be without magazines and periodicals—O no and never. But they will be the sort that do and say either what foolish and ignorant black folk pay for, or what rich and wise and unscrupulous white folk think is best for us, to keep us in "our place".

Remember this, brother, and act. And he acts twice who acts quickly.

WEST INDIAN IMMIGRATION

THE Nordic champions undoubtedly put one over on us in the recent immigration bill. If our West Indian friends had watched more carefully and warned us, we might have been able to take some effective step. As it was, by the simple device of discriminating between self-governing and crown colonies in the British empire, a device whose significance at the time escaped us, immigration to the United States from the West Indies has practically been barred.

This is unfortunate, because the United States would be a better and finer country if in its future development a larger strain of the Latin and Negro peoples went into its national veins and a smaller strain of English, Scandinavian and German blood. This does not mean that in any blood there is innate superiority or inferiority. There are superior strains among all peoples, black as well as white, and misfortune comes only when inferior strains of one race are admitted and superior strains of others are barred.

The Temptation in the Wilderness

THERE was a man standing in the Wilderness. He was black and thin and his clothes were shabby but his eyes burned toward heaven.

Then was Jesus led up of the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil.

O wide was the wilderness and tangled—dark and full of sounds and silences. He could not understand it—he could not see a way; it baffled him. It was full of work, yet work he could not find. It was full of bread yet he was hungry. It was filled with the Word of God—yet the Word was silence to him. He was twenty years young and the Wilderness stretched from his High Hill of Graduation down yonder to the low gates where one might see the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

And when he had fasted forty days and forty nights, he was afterward ahungered.

And when the tempter came to him he said, If thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread.

Bread? Bread and butter! Yes, he must earn it. The days of the years of his childhood were past. He must turn stones into bread. But not into bread alone. No. Into great cathedrals, into tall temples, into bridges that fly floods. And not stones alone—but Life, Joy, the Spirit and the Word.

The thin black man looked curiously on the tempter. The devil was a woman—young and beautiful; in silk and jewels, with fingers as soft as her voice. He smiled at the devil wanly:

But he answered and said, It is written, Man shall not live by bread alone, but by ever word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.

Ten years with slow and stately tread pass by. The black man is thirty, and his work undone, his life unlived, his hungry soul unsatisfied. The devil is a business man, tailored and groomed:

And the devil, taking him up into a high mountain, showed unto him all the kingdoms of the world in a moment of time.

And the devil said unto him, All this power will I give thee, and the glory of them: for that is delivered unto me; and to whomsoever I will, I give it.

If thou therefore wilt worship me, all shall be thine.

The Kingdoms of the world! The glory of them; like a thread of silver Piccadilly melts into the Strand; like a thread of gold, the Champs Elysées slip to the Bois; Broadway thunders through its canons; the Prado burns and sings. Above them tower Milan, Woolworth, Taj Mahal, Alhambra and the Opera. North is pine and ice and fur; west is orange and gold; east is oak and silver; south is palm and sea and fire. All amidst them are jewels and silk, color and curve, music and dance, dream and tale, knowledge and cunning. Ah, the Kingdoms of the World.

And suddenly the glory faded. And suddenly all was dirt and pain and blood; and hate and horror. Which was God and who and what and why? The devil spread his hands. "I am God" he said.

And Jesus answered and said unto him, Get thee behind me, Satan:

Then the devil taketh him up into the holy city, and setteth him on a pinnacle of the temple.

And saith unto him, If thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down; for it is written, He shall give his angels charge concerning thee; and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone.

The black man was forty and older and thinner. He stared into the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Was he really one of the sons of God? Did his father's angels have charge over him?

Miracles? Were not they the answer? Must not God himself and his angels come and come quickly to earth, to settle this awful problem of color and race? How simple. Stop work. Call God. Come down as avenging prophet, revealing seer, sacrificing saviour. And yet—was it fair to call a busy God,—to tempt him from his own work? Perhaps he too was being crucified! He stared at the devil. The devil was a priest in robe and mitre chanting long prayers.

Jesus said unto him, It is written again, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God.

THE MARKED TREE

In Two Parts—Part I

CHARLES W. CHESNUTT

I HAD been requested by my cousin, whose home was in Ohio, to find for him, somewhere in my own neighborhood in the pine belt of North Carolina, a suitable place for a winter residence. His wife was none too strong; his father, who lived with him, was in failing health; and he wished to save them from the raw lake winds which during the winter season take toll of those least fitted to resist their rigor. My relative belonged to the fortunate class of those who need take no thought today for tomorrow's needs. The dignity of labor is a beautiful modern theory, in which no doubt many of the sterner virtues find their root, but the dignity of ease was celebrated at least as long ago as the days of Horace, a gentleman and philosopher, with some reputation as a poet.

Since my cousin was no lover of towns, and the term neighborhood is very elastic when applied to rural life, I immediately thought of an old, uncultivated—I was about to say plantation, but its boundaries had long since shrunk from those which in antebellum times would have justified so pretentious a designation. It still embraced, however, some fifteen or twenty acres of diversified surface—part sand-hill, part meadow; part overgrown with scrubby shortleaf pines and part with a scraggy underbrush. Though the soil had been more or less exhausted by the wasteful methods of slavery, neglected grapevines here and there, and gnarled and knotted fruit-trees, smothered by ruder growths about them, proved it to have been at one time in a high state of cultivation.

I had often driven by the old Spencer place, as it was called, from the name of the family whose seat it had been. It lay about five miles from my vineyard and was reached by a drive down the Wilmington Road and across the Mineral Spring swamp. Having brought with me to North Carolina a certain quickness of decision and promptness of action which the climate and *laissez faire* customs of my adopted state had not yet overcome, upon receipt of my cousin's letter I ordered old Julius to get out the gray mare and the rockaway and drive me over to the old Spencer place.

When we reached it, Julius left his seat long enough to take down the bars which guarded the entrance and we then drove up a short lane to the cleared space, surrounded by ragged oaks and elms, where the old plantation house had once stood. It had been destroyed by fire many years before and there were few traces of it remaining—a crumbling brick pillar here and there, on which the sills of the house had rested, and the dilapidated, ivy-draped lower half of a chimney, of which the yawning, blackened fireplace bore mute witness of the vanished generations which had lived and loved—and perchance suffered and died, within the radius of its genial glow.

Not far from where the house had stood, there was a broad oak stump, in a good

state of preservation, except for a hole in the center, due, doubtless, to a rotten heart, in what had been in other respects a sound and perfect tree. I had seated myself upon the top of the stump—the cut had been made with the axe, almost as smoothly as though with a saw—when old Julius, who was standing near me, exclaimed, with some signs of concern.

"Excuse me, suh, I know you come from de No'th, but did any of yo' folks, way back yonder, come from 'roun' hyuh?"

"No," I returned, "they were New England Yankees, with no Southern strain whatever. But why do you ask?" I added, observing that he had something on his mind, and having often found his fancies quaint and amusing, from the viewpoint of one not Southern born.

"Oh, nothin', suh, leas'ways nothin' much —only I seed you settin' on dat ol' stump, an' I wuz kind er scared fer a minute."

"I don't see anything dangerous about the stump," I replied. "It seems to be a very well preserved oak stump."

"Oh, no, suh," said Julius, "dat ain' no oak stump."

It bore every appearance of an oak stump. The grain of the wood was that of oak. The bark was oak bark, and the spreading base held the earth in the noble grip of the king of trees.

"It is an oak, Julius—it is the stump of what was once a fine oak tree."

"Yas, suh, I know it 'pears like oak wood, and it 'pears like oak bahk, an' it looked like a oak tree w'en it wuz standin' dere, fifty feet high, fohty years ago. But it wa'n't—no, suh, it wa'n't."

"What kind of a tree was it, if not an oak?"

"It was a U-pass tree, suh; yes, sah, dat wuz de name of it—a U-pass tree."

"I have never heard of that variety," I replied.

"No, suh, it wuz a new kind er tree roun' hyuh. I nevah heard er any but dat one."

"Where did you get the name?" I asked.

"I got it from ol' Marse Aleck Spencer hisse'f, fohty years ago—fohty years ago, suh. I was lookin' at dat tree one day, aftuh I'd heared folks talkin' 'bout it, an' befo' it wuz cut down, an' ole Marse Aleck come erlong, an' sez I, 'Marse Aleck, dat is a monst'us fine oak tree.' An' ole Marse Aleck up an sez, sezee, 'No, Julius, dat ain' no oak-tree—dat is a U-pass tree.' An' I've 'membered the name evuh since, suh—de U-pass tree. Folks useter call it a' oak tree, but Marse Aleck oughter a knowd;—it 'us his tree, an' he had libbed close to it all his life."

It was evident that the gentleman referred to had used in a figurative sense the name which Julius had remembered so literally—the Upas tree, the fabled tree of death. I was curious to know to what it owed this sinister appellation. It would be easy, I knew, as it afterwards proved, to start the old man on a train of reminiscence concerning the family and the tree. How much of it was true I cannot say; I suspected Julius at times of a large degree of poetic license—he took the crude legends and vague superstitions of the neighborhood and embodied them in stories as complete, in their way, as the Sagas of Iceland or the primitive tales of ancient Greece. I have saved a few of them. Had Julius lived in a happier age for men of his complexion,

the world might have had a black Aesop or Grimm or Hoffman—as it still may have, for who knows whether our civilization has yet more than cut its milk teeth, or humanity has even really begun to walk erect?

Later in the day, in the cool of the evening, on the front piazza, left dark because of the mosquitoes, except for the light of the stars, which shone with a clear, soft radiance, Julius told my wife and me his story of the old Spencer oak. His low, mellow voice rambled on, to an accompaniment of night-time sounds—the deep diapason from a distant frog-pond, the shrill chirp of the cicada, the occasional bark of a dog or cry of an owl, all softened by distance and merging into a melancholy minor which suited perfectly the teller and the tale.

Marse Aleck Spencer uster be de riches' man in all dis neighborhood. He own' two thousan' acres er lan'—de ole place ovuh yonduh is all dat is lef'. Dere wus ovuh a hund'ed an' fifty slaves on de plantation. Marse Aleck was a magist'ate an a politician, an' eve'ybody liked him. He kep' open house all de time, an' had company eve'y day in de yeah. His hosses wuz de fastes' an' his fox-hounds de swiftes', his gamecocks de fierces', an' his servants de impidentes' in de county. His wife wuz de pretties' an' de proudes' lady, an' wo' de bes' clo's an' de mos' finguh-rings, an' rid in de fines' carriage. Fac', day alluz had de best er eve'ything, an' nobody did n' 'spute it wid 'em.

Marse Aleck's child'en wuz de apples er his eye—dere wuz a big fambly—Miss Alice an' Miss Flora, an' young Marse Johnny, an' den some yeahs latuh, little Marse Henry an' little Marse Tom, an' den dere wuz ol' Mis' Kathu'n, Marse Aleck's wife, an' de chilen's mammy.

When young Marse Johnny was bawn, and Aunt Dasdy, who had nussed all de child'en, put de little young marster in his pappy's arms, Marse Aleck wuz de happies' man in de worl'; for it wuz his fus' boy, an' he had alluz wanted a boy to keep up de fambly name an' de fambly rep'tation. An' eve'ybody on de plantation sheered his joy, fer when de marster smile, it's sunshine, an' when de marster frown, it's cloudy weather.

When de missis was well enough, an' de baby was ol' enough, de christenin' come off; an' nothing would do fer Marse Aleck but to have it under de fambly tree—dat wuz de stump of it ovuh yonduh, suh, dat you was setting on dis mawnin'.

"Dat tree," said Marse Aleck, "wuz planted when my great-gran'daddy wuz bawn. Under dat tree eve'y fus'-bawn son er dis fambly since den has be'n christen'. Dis fambly has growed an' flourish' wid dat tree, an' now dat my son is bawn, I wants ter hab him christen' under it, so dat he kin grow an' flourish 'long wid it. An' dis ole oak"—Marse Aleck useter 'low it wuz a oak, befo' he give it de new name—"dis ole oak is tall an' stout an' strong. It has weathe'd many a sto'm. De win' cant blow it down, an' de lightnin' ain't nevuh struck it, an' nothin' but a prunin' saw has ever teched it, ner ever shill, so long as dere is a Spencer lef' ter pertec' it.

"An' so my son John, my fus'-bawn, is gwineter grow up tall an' strong, an' be a big man' an' a good man; an' his child'en and his child'en's child'en an' dem dat follers shall be as many as de leaves er dis tree, an' dey shill keep de name er Spencer at de head er de roll as long as time shall las'."

De same day Marse Johnny wuz bawn, which wuz de fu'st er May—anudder little boy, a little black boy, wuz bawn down in de quahtahs. De mammy had worked 'roun' de big house de yeah befo', but she had give er mist'iss some impidence one day, an' er mist'iss had made Marse Aleck sen' her back ter de cotton-fiel'. An' when little Marse Johnny wuz christen', Phillis, dis yuther baby's mammy, wuz standin' out on de edge, 'long wid de yuther fiel'-hands, fuh dey wuz all 'vited up ter take part, an' ter eat some er de christenin' feas'. Whils' de white folks wuz eatin' in de house, de cullud folks all had plenty er good things pass 'roun' out in de yahd—all dey could eat an' all they could drink, fuh dem wuz de fat yeahs er de Spencers—an' all famblies, like all folks, has deir fat yeahs an' deir lean yeahs. De lean yeahs er de Spencers wuz boun' ter come sooner er later.

Little Marse Johnny growed an' flourish' just like the fambly tree had done, an' in due time growed up to be a tall an' straight an' smart young man. But as you sca'cely evuh sees a tree widout a knot, so you nevuh sees a man widout his faults. Marse Johnny wuz so pop'lar and went aroun' so much wid his frien's that he tuck ter drinkin' mo' dan wuz good for him. Southe'n gent'emen all drunk them days, suh—nobody had never dremp' er dis yer fool-

ishness 'bout pro'bition dat be'n gwine roun' er late yeahs. But as a gin'ral rule, dey drunk like gent'emen—er else dey could stan mo' liquor dan folks kin dese days. An' young Marse Johnny had a mighty quick temper, which mo'd'n once got 'im inter quarrels which it give 'im mo' or less trouble to make up.

Marse Johnny wuz mighty fond er de ladies, too, an' wuz de pet of 'em all. But he wuz jus' passin' de time wid 'em, 'tel he met Miss Mamie Imboden—de daughter er de Widder Imboden, what own' a plantation down on Rockfish. Ole Mis' Imboden did n' spen' much time on huh place, but left it tuh a overseah, whils' she an' Miss Mamie wuz livin' in de big towns, er de wat'rin-places, er way up yonduh in de No'th, whar you an' yo' lady come fum.

When de Widder Imboden come home one winter wid huh daughter, Marse Johnny fell dead in lub wid Miss Mamie. He could n' ha'dly eat ner sleep fuh a week or so, an' he jus' natch'ly could n' keep way fum Rockfish, an' jus' wo' out Marse Aleck's ridin' hosses comin' an' goin', day, night an' Sunday. An' wharevuh she wuz visitin' he'd go visitin'; an' when she went tuh town he'd go tuh town. An' Marse Johnny got mo' religious dan he had evuh be'n befo' an' went tuh de Prisbyte'ian Chu'ch down tuh Rockfish reg'lar. His own chu'ch wuz 'Piscopal, but Miss Iboden wuz a Prisbyte'ian.

But Marse Johnny wa'n't de only one. Anudder young gentleman, Marse Ben Dudley, who come fum a fine ole fambly, but wuz monst'us wild an' reckless, was payin' co't tuh Miss Mamie at de same time, an' it was nip an' tuck who should win out. Some said she favored one, and some said de yuther, an' some 'lowed she did n' knowed w'ich tuh choose.

Young Marse Johnny kinder feared fuh a while dat she like de yuther young gentleman bes'. But one day Marse Ben's daddy, ole Marse Amos Dudley, went bankrup', an' his plantation and all his slaves wuz sol', an' he shot hisse'f in de head, and young Marse Ben wuz lef' po'. An' bein' too proud tuh work, an' havin' no relations ter live on, he tuck ter bettin' an' dicin' an' kyard-playin', an' went on jes' scan'lous. An' it wuz soon whispered 'roun' dat young Mistah Dudley wuz livin' on his winin's at kyards, an' dat he wa' n't partic'lar who he played wid, er whar er how he played. But I is ahead er my tale, fuh all dis hyuh 'bout Marse Ben happen' after Marse Johnny had cut Marse Ben out an' ma'ied Miss Mamie.

Ol' Marse Aleck wuz monst'us glad when he heared Marse Johnny wuz gwineter git

ma'ied, for he wanted de fambly kep' up, an' he 'lowed Marse Johnny needed a wife fuh tuh he'p stiddy him. An' Miss Mamie wuz one of dese hyuh sweet-nachu'd, kin'-hearted ladies dat noboddy could he'p lovin'. An, mo'over, Miss Mamie's Mammy wuz rich, an' would leave huh well off sume day.

Fuh de lean yeahs er de Spencers wuz comin', an' Marse Aleck 'spicioned it. De cotton crop had be'n po' de yeah befo', de cawn had ben wuss, glanders had got in the hosses an most of 'em had had ter be killed; an' old Marse Aleck wuz mo' sho't of money dan he'd be'n fur a long, long time. An' when he tried tuh make it up by spekilatin', he jus' kep' on losin' mo' an' mo' an' mo'.

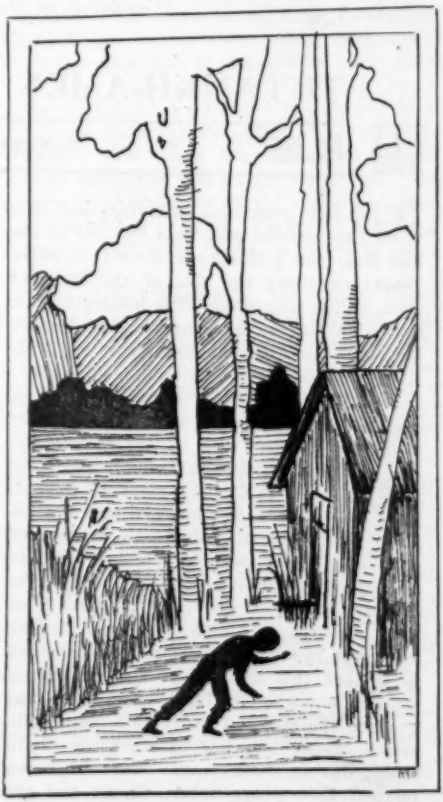
But young Marse Johnny had ter hab money for his weddin', an' the house had to be fix' up fuh 'im an' his wife, an' dere had ter be a rich weddin' present an' a fine infair, an' all dem things cos' money. An' sence he did n' wanter borry de money, Marse Aleck 'lowed he s'posed he'd hafter sell one er his han's. An' ole Mis' Spencer say he should sell Phillis's Isham. Marse Aleck did n' wanter sell Isham, fur he 'membered Isham wuz de boy dat wuz bawn on de same day Marse Johnny wuz. But ole Mis' Spencer say she did n' like dat boy's looks nohow, an' dat his mammy had be'n impident tuh huh one time, an ef Marse Aleck gwine sell anybody he sh'd sell Isham.

Prob'bly ef ole Marse Aleck had knowed jus' what wuz gwineter happen he mought not 'a' sol' Isham—he'd 'a' ruther gone inter debt, er borried de money. But den nobody nevuh knows whats gwineter happen; an' what good would it do 'em ef dey did? It'd only make 'em mizzable befo' han', an' ef it wuz gwineter happen, how could dey stop it? So Marse Aleck wuz bettuh off dan ef he had knowed.

Now, dis hyuh Isham had fell in love, too, wid a nice gal on de plantation, an' wuz jus' 'bout making up his min' tuh ax Marse Aleck tuh let 'im marry her an' tuh give 'em a cabin tuh live in by deyse'ves, when one day Marse Aleck tuck Isham ter town, an' sol' 'im to another gent'eman, fuh tuh git de money fuh de expenses er his own son's weddin'.

Isham's mammy wuz workin' in de cotton-fiel' way ovuh at de fah end er de plantation dat day, an' when she went home at night an' foun' dat Marse Aleck had sol' huh Isham, she run up to de big house an' wep' an' hollered an' went on terrible. But Marse Aleck tol huh it wuz all right, dat Isham had a good marster, an' wa'n't many miles erway, an' could come an' see his mammy whenevuh he wanter.

When de young ma'ied folks came back f'm dey weddin' tower, day had de infair, an' all de rich white folks wuz invited. An' dat same night, whils' de big house wuz all lit up, an' de fiddles wuz goin', an' dere wuz eatin' an' drinkin' an' dancin' an' sky-larkin' an' eve'body wuz jokin' de young couple an' wushin' 'em good luck, Phillis wuz settin' all alone in huh cabin, way at de fah end er de quarters, studyin' 'bout huh boy, who had be'n sol' to pay for it all. All de other cullud folks wuz up 'round' de big house, some waitin' on de white folks, some he'pin in de kitchen, some takin' keer er de guest's hosses, an' de res' swa'min' 'round' de yahd, gittin' in one anudder's way, an' waitin' 'tel de white folks got thoo, so dey could hab somethin' tuh eat too; fuh Marse Aleck had



open' de big blade, an' wanted eve'body to have a good time.

'Bout time de fun wuz at de highes' in de big house, Phillis heared somebody knockin' at huh cabin do'. She did n' know who it could be, an' bein' as dere wa'nt' nobody e'se 'roun', she sot still an' did n' say nary word. Den she heared somebody groan, an' den dere wuz anudder knock, a feeble one dis time, an' den all wuz still.

Phillis wait' a minute, an' den crack' de do', so she could look out, an' dere wuz somebody layin' all crumple' up on de do'-step. An' den somethin' wahned huh what it wuz, an' she fetched a lighterd to'ch fum de ha'th. It wuz huh son Isham. He wuz wownded an' bleedin'; his feet wuz so' wid walkin'; he wuz weak from loss er blood.

Phillis pick' Isham up an' laid 'im on huh bed an' run an' got some whiskey an' give 'im a drap, an' den she helt camphire tuh his nost'ils, meanwhile callin' his name an' gwine on like a wild 'oman. An' bimeby he open' his eyes an' look' up an' says—"I'se come home, mammy,"—an' den died. Dem wuz de only words he spoke, an' he nevuh drawed anudder bref.

It come tuh light nex' day, when de slave-ketchers come aftuh Isham wid deir dawgs an' deir guns, dat he had got in a 'spute wid his marster, an' had achully *hit his marster!* An' realizin' what he had done, he had run erway; natch'ly to'ds his mammy an' de ole plantation. Dey had wounded 'im an' had mos' ketched him, but he had 'scaped ag'in an' had reach' home just in time tuh die in his mammy's ahms.

Phillis laid Isham out wid her own han's —dere wa'n't nobody dere tuh he'p her, an' she did n' want no he'p nohow. An' when it wuz all done, an' she had straighten' his lim's an' fol' his han's an' close his eyes, an' spread a sheet ovuh him, she shut de do' sof'ly, and stahted up ter de big house.

(*Continued in the January* CRISIS)

TUTANKH-AMEN AND RAS TAFARI

KANTIBA NEROUY

IF you take your map of Africa and look on the extreme east near the end of the Red Sea, you will note a circular country about ten times the size of the state of Ohio, called Abyssinia. The history of this part of Africa is bound up with the history of Egypt because one branch of the Nile rises high in the Abyssinian mountains.

Nefertari, "the most venerated figure of Egyptian history", was a black woman of great beauty and with her husband drove the Shepherd Kings out of Egypt about 1700 years before Christ. Nearly 300 years later one of her descendants married another black woman, Mutemua, whose son was the celebrated Amenhotep III, the builder of the great temple of Luxor. The granddaughter of this great mulatto Pharaoh married Tutankh-Amen and by this marriage raised her husband to royal rank. It is then this husband of a royal colored woman whose tomb, lately discovered, has aroused the civilized world to a new realization of the splendor of Egyptian civilization during these years. Tutankh-Amen reigned 1350 years before Christ and the

Egyptian empire continued in the ascendant for 700 years.

Then it was that the power of Egypt, which had originally flowed from central Africa, began to move back and in southern Egypt the black kingdom of Ethiopia gained such power that it overthrew the Pharoahs of Egypt and established black kings upon the throne who ruled the world for 150 years. Afterward, the Persians came in and conquered northern Egypt, but Ethiopia maintained its power in southern Egypt and drove back the great Persian Emperor, Cambyses, in 500 B.C.

A BLACK PRINCESS

The history of Ethiopia for the next thousand years is not well-known. Various forces helped in her development. The Greeks, the Romans, the Arabians, the Sudanese and finally the Mohammedans pressed in upon her. We hear of great cities like Meroe with 400,000 artisans and 200,000 soldiers. We hear of the queens called by the title Candace who beat back the power of both Greeks and Romans and one of them is said to have declared that Alexander the Great "is not to scorn her people because they are black since their souls are whiter than those of his white folk".

After a time in the part of Ethiopia which we call Abyssinia, there arose at Axum a new center of power. The Greeks consecrated a Christian bishop there and in the sixth century after Christ the Abyssinians were ruling both their own country and the adjacent shores of Arabia. Then Mohammedanism pressed down upon Christian Abyssinia, north, east and west and as Gibbon says, "encompassed by the enemies of their religion the Ethiopians slept for nearly a thousand years, forgetful of the world by whom they were forgotten". Nevertheless during the middle ages there persisted throughout the Christian world the legend of a certain priest or Prester John, a black African king of a Christian nation; and when the Portuguese began their celebrated discoveries they found and came into contact with the Christian kings of Abyssinia. Later, Portugal, England, France and Italy began to press in upon Abyssinia.

AMEN-HOTEH III

Meantime Abyssinia had been going through various internal vicissitudes. In the 11th century there was a Queen Maqueda who ruled one of the states, Sheba, and visited Solomon, King of the Jews. Later a Queen Judith reigned. The rulers gradually took the title of "Negus Negusti" meaning King of Kings; that is, king of the various smaller kingdoms which divided up Ethiopia. In the 18th century there came a number of powerful rulers extending from Yesu to Asfa Nassen, who reigned until 1807. Rivalry was now beginning between the French and the English and there arose to power the great Emperor Theodore III who finally proclaimed himself not only King of Kings but "Emperor of Abyssinia" in 1855 and ruled until 1868. Under him the influence of the English waxed and but for the insult of not answering his letter of

1863 they might have become dominant. Quarrels arose, however, and Theodore imprisoned certain Englishmen. In 1867, under Sir Robert Napier, an English army went into Abyssinia and aided by various internal enemies of Theodore overthrew the emperor who committed suicide. The English stole his crown which was only yesterday restored to the Abyssinian regent, Ras Tafari.

HARMHAB, General under TUTANKH-AMEN

Theodore was succeeded by the Emperor John who reigned from 1868 until 1899 while his young rival Menelik, who was ruler in one of the smaller states, Shoa, was growing up and consolidating his power. The English, who had now penetrated Egypt came into difficulties with John and tried to conquer him but failed and before they could start again a Sudanese Negro, Mohammed Ahmed, proclaimed himself to be the Messiah (Mahdi); he led a revolt in 1881 against foreign rule. The Sudan blazed, the black Dinka revolted, Osman Digna, an able mulatto general commanded the armies and England was driven out of the Sudan for 16 years. It was not until 1898 that she crept back and in petty revenge dug up the bones of the Mahdi and publicly insulted them. Osman Digna was imprisoned and "forgotten" and released last month after 25 years of solitary confinement! Ostensibly the English were fighting to suppress the slave trade; in reality they were fighting for empire.

Meantime while the plans of the British were thus frustrated they encouraged the Italians to take up the penetration of Abyssinia and the Italians took the part of Menelik against King John but were unsuccessful. John was eventually killed by the Sudanese and immediately Menelik proclaimed himself emperor and made a treaty with the Italians. The Italians considered that this treaty made them masters of Abyssinia but Menelik thought differently. In 1893 he denounced the treaty and soon the Italians and the Abyssinians were at war.

The decisive battle of Adowa was fought in 1896 when the Italians had 6,500 troops killed and wounded and 2,500 prisoners. The result was that all Europe had to recognize the independence of Abyssinia; but they drew a cordon around it and began its economic and commercial conquest. The Italians, French and British took the coast on the Red Sea and Gulf of Aden and the Italians the Atlantic coast while to the west Abyssinia was surrounded by English Africa and the Anglo Egyptian Sudan. Europe hoped that the death of Menelik in 1913 was the beginning of the fall of the kingdom. It was disappointed. He was succeeded at first by his young daughter Judith or Zouditu and eventually by his grandson Lij Yasu, also a minor. Finally out of the surge of various contending forces the Prince or Ras Tafari was made Regent and will eventually become emperor.

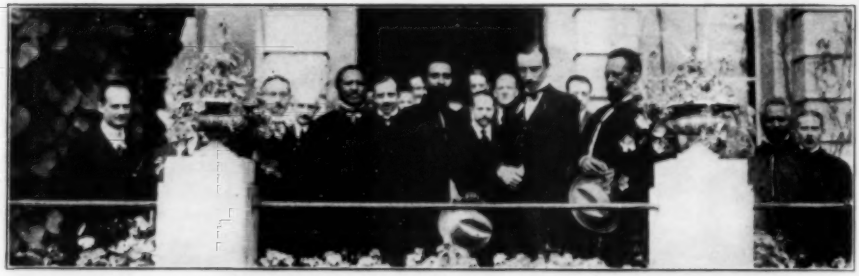
THE EMPEROR MENELIK

Ras Tafari and his statesmen have

RAS TAFARI AND HIS WIFE

shown themselves eager to come into intelligent and helpful contact with the modern world. Through pressure from the Allies they entered the Great War and soon after its close they sent a delegation of greeting and inquiry to Europe. This delegation came to the United States but the authorities here kept them from contact with colored Americans as far as possible. Last year Abyssinia asked to join the League of Nations and although England tried to bar them by alleging increasing slavery in Abyssinia, nevertheless Abyssinia was received as one of the constituent members of the League. Finally this year Ras Tafari and some of his leading statesmen made visits of state to Europe. Each of the nations which surround Abyssinia and which hope for future influence showed that prince great honor. France and Belgium entertained him with every mark of respect. England entertained him and returned to him the stolen crown of Theodore. Italy entertained him. He visited Geneva and the offices of the League of Nations and finally he was received by the Pope as head of one of the oldest Christian nations. Ras Tarafi wished to come to the United States but President Coolidge and his cabinet were afraid to invite a colored man of royal

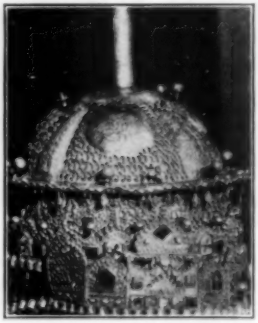
THE PRESIDENT OF FRANCE RECEIVING THE PRINCE OF ABYSSINIA



RAS TAFARI AT THE INTERNATIONAL LABOR BUREAU, GENEVA

rank to be guests of the United States government.

It is probable that commercial and political matters were talked over by the Prince. For instance the French *Colonial Despatch* hears that Abyssinia wishes a maritime port and especially wants Djibouti in French territory made a free port. Whether this is true or not no one can tell. But at any rate this renewed interest of Abyssinia in the modern world and of the modern world in Abyssinia is of great significance to the Negro race.



THE CROWN OF THEODORE

Finally a word perhaps should be said concerning the racial identity of the Abyssinians. They have, without doubt, as much if not more Negro blood than American Negroes. In southern Abyssinia they are what we would call full blooded Negroes. In northern Abyssinia there is a great deal of Semitic blood and they vary from light to dark mulattoes.

(*Mr. Alain LeRoy Locke, while in Europe, was granted an interview with His Royal Highness Ras Tafari and will write of him in a later number of* THE CRISIS.)

RAS TAFARI AND THE DUKE OF YORK

National · Association · for · the ··· Advancement · of · Colored · People.

WASHINGTON SEGREGATION CASES

ACCORDING to information which has come to the National Office, the case of Mrs. Helen Curtis and Mrs. Irene Hand Corrigan of Washington, D. C., now pending in the United States Supreme Court will probably be heard by that Court at the April, 1925, term. This is the case involving the vital question as to whether or not property owners may enforce residential segregation through the inclusion of a clause in contracts of sale prohibiting the re-sale of property to any person of Negro blood.

As has been pointed out before, the decision in this case will have very wide influence and is one of the most vital questions affecting the rights of colored people that has ever been heard in any court of the United States. As a matter of fact, it involves not only the rights of colored people but extends to every other minority group in the United States. Already an attempt has been made to segregate Jews in Memphis and there are indications that similar attempts may be made against Catholics, Japanese and Chinese. Mr. James A. Cobb of Washington, who is the leading N. A. A. C. P. attorney in the case, states that:

"A group of white citizens in the Bloomingdale residential section have organized a committee to fight for this segregation against Negroes and at their organization meeting in October collected a sum reported to be more than $1,000 for the prosecution of the case against Mrs. Curtis. The intense interest in this litigation may be seen by the recent case before the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, Rose E. Johnson et al. vs. Ellen Marie Robicheau et al in which the property owners were penalized $2000 for each of two lots sold to colored people, the penalty being stipulated in a property owners' agreement. The opinion in this case delivered by Mr. Justice Hoehling sustains the imposition of this penalty and cites as his precedent the decision in the Helen Curtis case by the District of Columbia Court of Appeals referred to above. The decree, however, in the case of Johnson et al vs. Robicheau et al has been withheld pending the Supreme Court's decision in the Curtis case."

Similar cases to the Curtis case have arisen already in widely separated parts of the country. In the event that the decision is against the N. A. A. C. P., it is almost certain that in all parts of the country strenuous efforts will be made to enforce segregation. The supreme importance of this case is therefore clearly evident.

The N. A. A. C. P. is exceedingly fortunate in the attorneys who will argue the case in the Supreme Court. Mr. Moorfield Storey will appear for the N. A. A. C. P. together with Mr. Louis Marshall of Guggenheimer, Untermeyer and Marshall, attorney for Leo Frank and one of the most eminent attorneys in the United States; Mr. Henry E. Davis of Washington, former United States Attorney for the District of Columbia; Arthur B. Spingarn and Herbert K. Stockton of New York City, who are also members of the National Legal Committee of the N. A. A. C. P. All of these attorneys will be associated with Mr. Cobb in the argument of the case.

Due to the fact that Messrs. Storey, Marshall, Spingarn and Stockton are giving their services without cost to the N. A. A. C. P., the Association has as eminent counsel as can be secured in the United States and the total cost of the case will be many thousand dollars less than would be the case if these attorneys were to be paid their usual fees for appearance in such an important case. There is, however, the great cost of the printing of briefs, court fees and other expenses. It is estimated by the National Office that the total expense will be in excess of $5000. The National Office urgently appeals to all of those persons who want to help win this important case to forward contributions to the National Office specifying that they are to be used for the prosecution of this case. As a great deal of work must be done prior to the hearing in April, it is urged that the contributions be forwarded at once.

MADAM WALKER AWARDS

MADAM A'LELIA WALKER, President, and Attorney F. B. Ransom, General Manager, are offering on behalf of the Madam C. J. Walker Manufacturing Com-

pany of Indianapolis, three awards for excellence in work for colored people through the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. These awards are to be made for the first time in January, 1925, and are to be made annually thereafter.

The awards consist of two scholarships of $100 and $75, to be awarded to the excelling branches of the Association, and one gold medal, to cost at least $50, and to be awarded to some individual member of the Association, not of the National Office, who is judged to have rendered the greatest individual service to the N. A. A. C. P.

The scholarships may be won by any branch, for they will not necessarily be awarded to the branches that raise the most money or enroll the greatest number of members, but to the branches that make the greatest *progress* in money and members, respectively. Any branch that contributed to the National Office, for any purposes whatsoever, as much as $100 in the year previous to the contest year is to be considered for the $75 scholarship; and any branch that contributed $200 or more in the previous year is eligible for the $100 scholarship. The decision as to what branch wins the scholarships is a matter of mathematics and will not depend upon the opinion of the judges. For example: If branch A contributed $100 in 1923, but $500 in 1924, that branch has made 400% *progress;* while branch B which gave $150 in 1923 and $500 in 1924 has made a smaller per centage of progress.

As to the awarding of the Gold Medal, any member of the Association, not of the National Office, may be recommended by any other member, who will state clearly the reasons for such recommendation. The following judges will decide:

James W. Johnson, Chairman
William Pickens, Secretary
Robert W. Bagnall
Madam A'lelia Walker
F. B. Ransom, or his representative

It is expected that these awards will become a great tradition and an inspiration to definite endeavor for the Negro race and interracial relations throughout the years. It is to be noticed that competition is open to all members, white and colored.

We have the voluntary promise of officers of the Madam C. J. Walker Manufacturing Company that these awards in the near future may be increased, not only in number but also in cash value.

HONOR ROLL BRANCHES

IN the October issue of THE CRISIS, we presented a list of 81 branches which had at that time met the apportionment assigned them for 1924. At that time, we made the statement that the list would doubtless be added to before the end of the year. We are now able to present the names of eleven more branches that have met in full their financial obligations to the National Office. These are:

	Apportionment	Paid
Stockton, Calif.	$ 50.00	$ 51.00
New Haven, Conn.	250.00	256.90
Gary, Ind.	100.00	104.60
Waterloo, Ia.	75.00	75.80
Arkansas City, Kansas	75.00	75.00
Niles, Mich.	75.00	75.00
Brooklyn, N. Y.	300.00	511.15
Erie County, Ohio	50.00	100.57
Lima, Ohio	50.00	50.90
Okmulgee, Okla.	50.00	50.00
Franklin, Pa.	100.00	128.55
Total	$1175.00	$1479.47

This makes the total number of branches that have paid apportionments in full 92. The apportionment assigned these branches totals $17,350.00. They have paid on apportionment to November first the sum of $23,930.59. It is hoped that many other branches will join this honor list before December 31st.

THE ELIAS RIDGE AND LUTHER COLLINS CASES

EXTENDED legal struggles have resulted in the saving of the lives of a colored man and boy in Texas and Oklahoma. It will be remembered that in 1922, Elias Ridge, then thirteen years old, was accused of killing the wife of a farmer for whom Ridge worked near Pensacola, Oklahoma. He was arrested and, under pressure, was forced to admit his guilt. He was hastily tried to satisfy a mob which threatened to lynch him and was sentenced to death by electrocution. This was done despite the fact that the Oklahoma law specifically prohibits the trial of any person under fourteen years of age for a capital offense.

Dr. A. Baxter Whitby, President at that time of the Oklahoma City Branch of the N. A. A. C. P., became interested in the case and with great difficulty raised funds to file an appeal. Attorney W. H. Twine

of Muskogee volunteered his services and the long struggle to save Ridge's life was begun.

An appeal was taken from the decision of the lower court based, first, on the fact that Ridge's age should have caused him to be tried in the Juvenile Court; second, that the State had made grievous errors in the original trial and, third, on the ground that the confession on which the conviction was secured was obtained under duress. The Criminal Court of Appeals upon hearing the appeal remanded the case for a new trial. Ridge was retried and again sentenced to death. A second appeal was taken and on October 6, 1924, Attorneys Twine and Charles H. Harman, a white lawyer who, too, volunteered his services, argued the case in the Criminal Court of Appeals. As a result of this struggle, Ridge's death sentence was reduced to life imprisonment. It is hoped later that he can be released upon parole or a considerable reduction in sentence secured. Ridge is a friendless boy; had never been in trouble before; no witnesses were called in his behalf, and when brought to trial the first time charged with murder had never been in court before.

LUTHER COLLINS CASE

ANOTHER hard struggle for justice to a colored man accused of crime in a Southern state was that for Luther Collins. On January 24, 1922, Collins was accused by a white woman of criminal assault.

The Houston Branch of the N. A. A. C. P. began an investigation aided by several of the fair minded white people of the city. The woman's story was found to be absurd and impossible. The Houston Branch employed attorneys who appealed the case and secured a new trial which was held in March, 1924. Evidence which had been barred from the previous trial was presented and the plaintiff under cross- examination contradicted herself repeatedly according to the white newspapers of Houston. The jury composed entirely of whites remained out for two days, eight men standing for acquittal and four for a light sentence. Unable to agree, the jury finally was dismissed by the judge. Despite the facts in the case, Collins was denied bond by the district judge and the case was set for retrial at the October term of court. On October 29th, Collins was placed on trial again. Despite all the evidence in the case, Collins' death sentence was changed to imprisonment for 99 years.

Collins' life has been saved but the Houston Branch of the N. A. A. C. P. and the National Office are determined to continue the case for the evidence overwhelmingly proves his innocence.

ANNUAL MEETING

THE Annual Meeting of the N. A. A. C. P. will be held on Monday, January 5, 1925, at 2:00 P. M. at the offices of the N. A. A. C. P., 69 Fifth Avenue, New York City. This business meeting will be preceded by a mass meeting on Sunday, January 4th, at the Renaissance Casino, 138th Street and Seventh Avenue.

At the business meeting on January 5, the annual reports of the Secretary, the Director of Publications and the other departments of the Association will be read and voted upon. At the same time, twelve members of the National Board of Directors will be elected. The following persons have been nominated:

E. Burton Ceruti	Los Angeles, Calif.
George W. Crawford	New Haven, Conn.
Bishop John Hurst	Baltimore, Md.
Paul Kennaday	New York City
Joseph P. Loud	Boston, Mass.
Ella Rush Murray	New York City
F. B. Ransom	Indianapolis, Ind.
Dr. Wm. A. Sinclair	Philadelphia, Pa.
Arthur B. Spingarn	New York City
Charles H. Studin	New York City
Neval H. Thomas	Washington, D. C.
Rev. G. R. Waller	Springfield, Mass.

SUBWAY FACE

LANGSTON HUGHES

THAT I have been looking
For you all my life
Does not matter to you.
You do not know.
You never knew.
Nor did I.
Now you take the Harlem train uptown;
I take a local down.

The Horizon

MRS. EMMA S. RANSOM

¶ Mrs. Emma S. Ransom has served as chairman of the Board of Management of the Colored Y. W. C. A., New York City, for 15 years. She and her co-workers, whom she carefully selected, have raised the branch from 200 to 2000 members with an annual attendance of 250,000. The branch started with rented rooms and one paid secretary. It now has a large building, gymnasium and swimming pool, a cafeteria which serves over 500 meals daily, class rooms and recreation rooms and an employment bureau which places 900 applicants a month. It has 20 paid secretaries. For 5 years Mrs. Ransom has been a member of the Board of Directors of the Central Y. W. C. A. of the city of New York. Mrs. Ransom leaves New York for Nashville where her husband, the newly elected bishop, is stationed.

¶ We have already noted the death of John B. Vashon of St. Louis. It was his father, George B. Vashon, however, who was graduated from Oberlin in 1844.

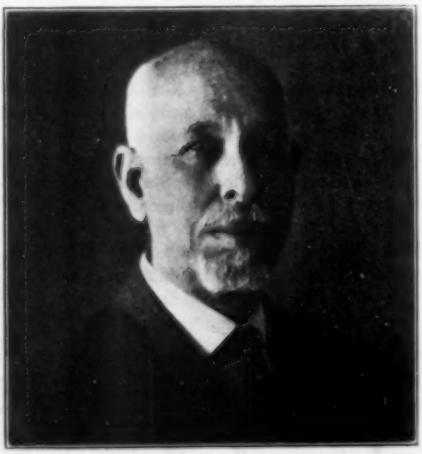
¶ David E. Gordon, who has just died in St. Louis at the age of 65, was born in Norwich, Connecticut, educated in Philadelphia and came to St. Louis as a teacher in 1878. He was principal of four public schools in succession, remaining at the last, the L'Ouverture, one of the largest schools in the city, for 23 years. He was one of the outstanding citizens of St. Louis.

¶ George W. Hines, Associate Professor of Finance at Howard University, has received the degree of Master of Arts in business administration from the University of Washington.

¶ Gilbert H. Jones, son of Bishop Jones, has been elected President of Wilberforce University. He was born in South Carolina in 1883, educated at the Ohio State University, Wilberforce University and Dickinson College. He received his Ph. D. at the University of Jena, Germany, and has been Dean of the College at Wilberforce since 1914.

¶ Costa Alegré was one of the most promising of the younger Portuguese writers. He was born in San Thomé and died of tuberculosis at the age of 26 in 1890.

¶ Miss Sarah C. Williamson has gone to teach in Liberia under a Foreign Mission Board. She was born in Virginia in 1900, was educated at Hampton and Rochester Unversity and is the youngest missionary



DAVID E. GORDON

THE RIVERSIDE GOLF CLUB, WASHINGTON, D. C.

ever sent into the foreign field. Last year she worked in the Y. W. C. A. at Dayton. She is a granddaughter of the late Captain Eli Williamson.

¶ Miss Viola Hill, the coloratura soprano of Philadelphia, was born in Richmond, Virginia, and educated at the Virginia Seminary at Lynchburg and the University of Pennsylvania. She studied under P. B. Aldridge of Philadelphia and has lately been making unusual success in her work. She is, as the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* says, "a soprano of more than ordinary accomplishment."

¶ Miss Viola Dolphie won the gold medal in the final match of the Metropolitan Tennis Tournament among players of all colors in New York City.

¶ In the death of Charles Zueblin the American Negro loses a firm and influential friend. He was a widely known and popular lecturer and was always right on race problems.

COSTA ALEGRÉ

¶ The Riverside Golf Club of Washington, D. C., has been organized with Victor R. Daly as president. A tournament was held in October with one hundred contestants.

¶ A new Mother Zion A. M. E. Church is being erected in 137th Street, New York City. Rev. J. W. Brown is pastor.

¶ The People's Building and Loan Association of Hampton, Virginia, announces assets of $316,310 and capital stock paid in of $263,870. T. H. Howard is president and F. D. Wheelock, secretary.

¶ The People's Finance Corporation of St. Louis has resources of $266,693 and capital

Mr. Vashon President Jones Miss Williamson Miss Hill

THE AMY E. SPINGARN PRIZES

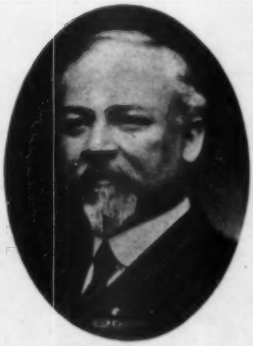
for Negro Literature and Art

SOME OF THE JUDGES

Glenn Frank Editor The "Century"	Dorothy Canfield Novelist	Benjamin Brawley Writer	H. G. Wells Novelist and Prophet
Rene Maran Goncourt Prize-Man	H. O. Tanner Artist	Ridgely Torrence Poet	Edward Bok Once Editor "Ladies Home Journal"
Eugene O'Neill Playwright	C. W. Chesnutt Writer	Sinclair Lewis Creator of "Babbitt"	J. E. Spingarn Critic and Philanthropist

stock paid in of $176,150. A cash dividend aggregating $4,399 was paid during the last year. This corporation works according to the "Morris Plan" well-known in New York City. C. C. Herriot is president and G. H. Anderson, secretary.

¶ Major William J. Williams is dead at Chelsea, Massachusetts. He was Public Administrator for 18 years, Alderman for 15 years and at one time President of the Board of Aldermen. He was born in Canada in 1863 and educated at Phillips Exeter and the Harvard Law School. During the Spanish war he was captain of the celebrated colored company "L" in the 6th regiment of the Massachusetts militia.



MAJOR WILLIAMS

¶ The National Federation of Music Clubs under the chairmanship of Mrs. James Hirsch is planning to issue a directory of American Composers. All composers interested should write to us.

¶ The winners in the Madame C. J. Walker "Trip to the Holy Land" Contest were: Rev. M. J. Key, Washington, D. C., trip and $250.00 in cash; Rev. K. H. Burrus, Atlanta, Ga., trip and $100.00 in cash; Rev. S. S. Jones, Muskogee, Okla., free trip; Rev. J. O. Haithcox, Cincinnati, O., free trip to Paris, France.

¶ Alice LaCour, one of the beautiful singers trained at Fisk University, and who afterward, with her husband, Paul LaCour taught many years in North Carolina, is dead. She did fine and effective work among the girls. "She was a tireless worker; never too occupied to lend a hand to help those who needed her assistance. All classes and all varieties of humanity turned to her for light, help and guidance."

MRS. LA COUR

¶ In the former German colony of Southwest Africa some twenty million acres are being conducted by the native tribes under the regime of Communism. Agriculture by irrigation and public schools have been provided. The natives are under a governor assisted by a local council.

¶ Miss Maud Wanzer, supervisor of public school music at Charleston, West Virginia, has been granted the degree in music at the Chicago School of Music.

¶ The new bill passed by Congress July 1, 1924, arranges the salaries of all teachers in the District of Columbia, colored and white, alike. All teachers are assigned to certain groups according to experience and qualifications and each group has a certain basic with gradual increase to a maximum salary. The salaries are as follows:

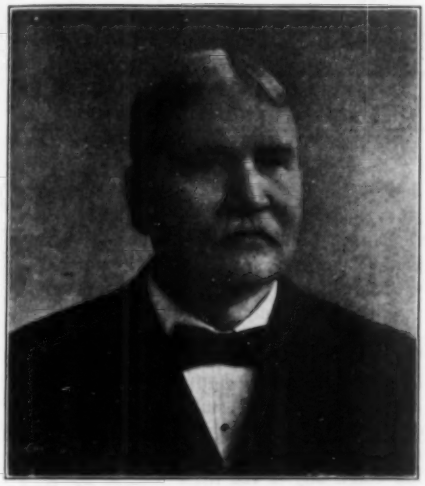
Schools	Basic	Maximum
Elementary	$1,400	$2,200
	2,300	2,600
Junior High	1,600	2,400
	1,800	2,800
	2,500	2,800
	2,900	3,200
Senior High and Normal	1,800	2,800
	2,900	3,200
Elementary:		
Teaching Principals	2,300	2,600
	2,500	2,800
Administrative Principles	2,900	3,200
Junior High Principals	3,500	4,000
Senior High Principals	4,000	4,500
Directors Special Subjects	3,200	3,500
Heads Departments	3,200	3,700
Supervising Principals	4,000	4,500
Superintendent	8,000	10,000
First Assistant	5,000	6,000
Assistant	4,200	4,700

According to present arrangements the superintendent of schools is white and one of the first assistant superintendents is colored with full charge of all employees, classes and schools in which colored children are taught. There is also one assistant superintendent of the colored schools who acts as chief examiner.

¶ The Garrett settlement house has operated 15 years in Wilmington, Del. It has a program of 28 activities and an average annual attendance of 25,000.

¶ Rev. J. B. Rendall, president of Lincoln University is dead at the age

SOUTH AFRICAN GIRL RESERVES—ORGANIZED BY M. B. GOW



PRESIDENT RENDALL

of 77. He was the son of missionaries, born in India, educated at Princeton and ordained as a Presbyterian minister in 1876. He has been president of Lincoln since 1899 when he succeeded his brother. Five children survive him.

¶ Harold Jones, age 9, of Minneapolis, Minnesota, is looking for some one who would be willing to give a bright boy a home. Interested persons may write the Editor.

HAROLD JONES

¶ A pageant of the Negro race called "By Their Fruits" was presented at the A. N. & M. School, Pine Bluff, Arkansas, by the department of physical education, under the direction of the author, Miss May Wilkins.

¶ Mrs. Roscoe C. Bruce has been made one of the editors of the Boston University *Law Review*, a selection based on scholarship.

¶ The 1924 edition of the *Official Inter-Collegiate Foot-Ball Guide*, edited by Walter Camp, contains a section on "Football in Colored Colleges," written by Mr. Paul W. L. Jones, a teacher in the Kentucky Normal and Industrial Institute. Until three years ago, Negro colleges were not mentioned in the *Guide*. It was through Mr. Jones that recognition has been given.

¶ Under the auspices of the Bahai Movement a convention of amity between white and colored races in America was held in Philadelphia. Among the speakers were Leslie P. Hill and Louis G. Gregory.

¶ Virginia Normal and Industrial Institute at Petersburg formerly had a college department which the state abolished about fifteen years ago. This year the department has been restored with seventeen teachers giving their entire time to college work and with a college and normal enrollment of 225.

¶ At the annual convention of the West Virginia department of the American Legion, Edward R. Carter, a colored man of Huntington, was elected one of the vice-commanders.

¶ The Association of Teachers of Colored Children in the State of New Jersey offers a cash prize of $25.00 to colored college undergraduates for the best short-story about colored children. Persons interested may write the Editor.

¶ The Charles Gilpin Dramatic Club of Hartford, Connecticut, offers to residents of that state a prize of $25.00 for the best play, submitted by February 1, 1925. Write us if you have a play.

MURIEL KATHLEEN LINDENBERGER
A Young Dancer of Portland, Me.

ABOUT THE SHORT STORY

MARK SEYBOLDT

THE Amy E. Spingarn prizes for short-stories which THE CRISIS is offering are three in number, $100, $50 and $20. "The stories should be preferably 4,000 to 5,000 words in length or 5 to 7 pages of THE CRISIS. In no case must they exceed 8,000 words."

I am asked to say a word about the short-story. The writing of fiction is an art. People do not simply "tell a story." They tell it in such a way that the hearer wants to listen and gets some interesting message from the narrative. In rare instances this art of telling may be happened on by chance. Usually it is a matter of careful study and long effort.

First of all, what is a short-story? As has been pointed out by many writers, it is not simply a story that is short, and here everyone must quote that classic dictum by Edgar Allen Poe, one of the greatest of short-story writers. In reviewing Hawthorne's "Tales" in 1842, Poe declared that the highest form of literary genius, in his opinion, lay in the writing of a rhymed poem which would take about an hour to read. He then continued: "Were I called upon however, to designate that class of composition which, next to such a poem as I have suggested, should best fufill the demands of high genius—should offer it the most advantageous field of exertion,—I should unhesitatingly speak of the prose tale as Mr. Hawthorne has here exemplified it. I allude to the short prose narrative requiring from a half hour to one or two hours in its perusal. The ordinary novel is objectionable from its length, for reasons already stated in substance. As it cannot be read at one sitting, it deprives itself, of course, of the immense force derivable from totality. Worldly interests intervening during the pauses of perusal, modify, annul, or counter-act in a greater or less degree the impressions of the book. But simple cessation in reading would of itself be sufficient to destroy the true unity. In the brief tale however, the author is enabled to carry out the fulness of his intention be it what it may. During the hour of perusal the soul of the reader is at the writer's control."

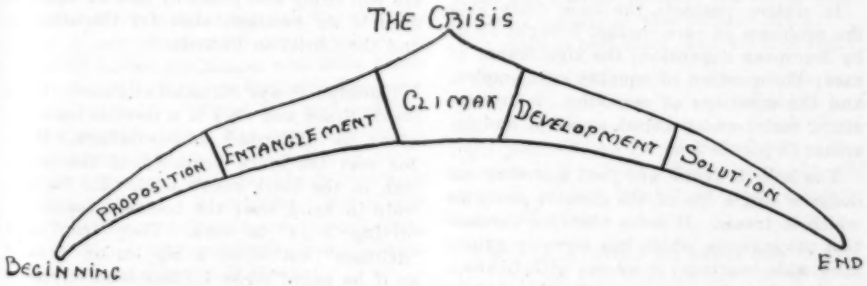
Since this time many other statements and definitions with regard to the short-story have been made. Those who wish to read an excellent short treatment of the general subject should look at chapter 12 of Bliss Perrys "Study of Prose Fiction", published by Houghton Mifflin Co. in 1902. Here in 34 pages is an excellent general view. This may be supplemented by chapters 10 and 11 in Clayton Hamilton's "Materials and Methods of Fiction", published by the Baker & Taylor Co. in 1908. The best single volume that the beginner in short-story writing could buy is the little volume by W. P. Atkinson, "The Short-Story". It is published by Allyn & Bacon and has both an excellent introduction on methods and six illustrative stories.

The short-story is, of course, a very old form of art. It occurs among the Egyptians 2 500 years B.C. We note it in the Book of Ruth in the Bible, written 450 B. C.; in the story of Cupid and Psyche of the second century A.D.; in the tales of Boccaccio; and then on down the years. Among the English, Stevenson, Kipling and Rider Haggard are the great modern exponents; among the French, Zola, de Maupassant, Daudet and Paul Marguerite; among the Russians, Tolstoi. The 12 best American short-stories were suggested by the *Critic* in 1897: E. E. Hale's "Man Without a Country"; Bret Harte's "Luck of Roaring Camp"; Nathaniel Hawthorne's "The Great Stone Face"; Edgar Allen Poe's "The Gold Bug" and "The Murders in the Rue Morgue"; Frank R. Stockton's "The Lady or the Tiger"; Washington Irving's "Rip Van Winkle"; Thomas Nelson Page's "Marse Chan"; Thomas Bailey Aldrich's "Marjorie Daw"; and Mary E. Wilkins' "The Revolt of Mother".

The older short-stories can be divided into *myths* like that of the Labors of Hercules, the *legends* like St. George and the Dragon, *fairy tales* like Cinderella, *allegories* like Addison's "Vision of Mirza", and *parables* like The Prodigal Son. In our day Barrett has distinguished 9 forms of the short-story: the tale, the moral story,

the wierd story, the character study, the dialect story, the parable of the times, the story of ingenuity, the humorous story and the dramatic story.

Of course no amount of study and thought is going to make a story writer out of persons who have no gift therefor, but given native talent, then careful study is indispensable for the best results. Two books are especially to be recommended for longer study: Charles E. Barrett's "Short-Story Writing" published by the Baker & Taylor Co. in 1900; or Evelyn M. Albright's "The Short-Story" published by Macmillan in 1907. These authors treat of plots, characters, titles, dialogue, climax, conclusion and other such matters. Atkinson has an interesting plan of a short-story of which this is a modification:



To those who would go more deeply and seriously into art and technique we can recommend H. A. Phillips' "Art in Short-Story Narrative" published by the Stanhope-Dodge Publishing Co.; R. W. Neal's "The Short-Story in the Making", Oxford University Press, 1914; W. B. Pitkin's "How to Write Stories", Harcourt, Brace and Co., 1923, and Glenn Clark's "A Manual of Short-Story Art", Macmillan Co., 1922.

For a clear conception of what the short-story should and can be, naturally nothing is better than reading the best models. Jessup and Canby published in 1912 (Appleton & Co.), an historical collection of short-stories called, "The Book of the Short-Story". Here one may go in 500 pages from 2500 B.C. to modern days and read the best of the world's short-story fiction. For contemporary short-stories one should follow "The Best Short-Stories" published each year by E. J. O'Brien (Small-Maynard & Co.). Mr. O'Brien selects the best short stories each year and it is of interest to us to know that in his selection of 1923 he included Jean Toomer's "Blood-Burning Moon". Mr. O'Brien has also a book on present tendencies, "The Advance of the American Short-Story", published by Dodd, Mead & Co. in 1923.

We are proud to know that among the masters of the short-story in the United States is our own Charles W. Chesnutt, and those who would study the art of short-story writing as applied to the American Negro should by all means read "The Conjure Woman" and "The Wife of His Youth". To this they may add a study of the story whose first part appears in this number of THE CRISIS, "The Marked Tre ".

Finally let me say to all beginners, the way to learn to write is to write. These prizes are to encourage writers: those who have written, those who are writing, and those who have always thought they might like to. Let everybody try. Hunt up the old story that is hidden away and furbish it up. Unfold again the story that has been rejected by all the editors, so long as it has not yet been published; or take from the recesses of your mind the story that has long been tingling there and waiting to be born.

(Mr. Seyboldt will write next month on plays. May we remind our readers that THE CRISIS *is offering* $600 *in prizes for writers of Negro descent—*$170 *for stories;* $125 *for plays;* $90 *for essays;* $90 *for verse; and* $125 *for illustrations. Manuscripts and drawings must reach us on or before April* 15, 1925. *Write us for information.)*

THE BROWSING READER

All the books mentioned below may be bought in THE CRISIS *book shop at the regular published prices and any other books that the reader may wish can usually be supplied.*

J. A. OLDHAM'S "Christianity and the Race Problem" is a timely book and fairly well done. According to the preface "The question with which this book deals is whether the Christian Church has any contribution to make to the solution of the problems involved in the contact of the different races in the world today".

In sixteen chapters the book deals with the problems of race contact brought about by European expansion; the significance of race; the question of equality and empire; and the questions of migration, inter-marriage, social and political equality, and increase in population.

The book is frank and bold and does not dodge a single one of the difficult problems which it treats. It notes the race domination propaganda which has recently gained such wide hearings; it agrees with Graham Wallas that there is no instinctive hatred between races and quotes the remark of a southern white man: "I ain't got anything against niggers; I was fourteen years old before I knowed I was better than a nigger." It refers to the study by James Bryce which asserts that in the ancient world and in the Middle Ages and in the modern world up to the French Revolution, there was very little self-conscious racial feeling.

The author's survey of the scientific grounds of race difference in biology and psychology in fair and informing and leads him to conclude, as so many others have concluded, that there are good and bad human strains but that they are not the monopoly of any one race; and that scientific differentiation of the world's people into races is impossible.

On inter-marriage and social equality he is sane. Blending of stocks often has good results and yet, where there is strong feeling, the chances of a marriage between races being happy in individual cases is small. If people wish to risk this they ought to have the right. And as to social equality, he says "that it is indispensable that some means should be found by which individuals may be friends with members of another race".

Perhaps his chapter on political equality is least satisfying and especially to American Negroes, because he has not gone back of the usual interpretation of Reconstruction. He does not believe, however, that political organization should follow race lines.

There is much in this book that our readers will enjoy and profit by and its appearance is an excellent sign for Christianity and the Christian Church.

Llewelyn Powys' "Black Laughter" (Harcourt, Brace and Co.) is a terrible book beneath its light touch and persiflage. Here one sees the stark brutality of the white man in the black man's land. He strides, whip in hand, over the tortured continent driving "boys" to work. They "yap" and "grimace" but when a big leader "looked as if he might make further trouble" he is knocked down by "a well-directed blow from my brother's fist". Kill, Kill, Kill! is the "mandate of Africa". The land of East Africa is wild and beautiful—stolen by Englishmen from the magnificent Masai. Small wonder the author finds himself "brutalized" by "these devilish tropics" as he realizes when he goes out to beat a lame laborer and finds an artist. "He was working with absorbed interest, his black fingers trembling in his excitement. Do you know, when I at last entered that tiny habitation I found that its four walls were simply covered with drawings? For the most part they represented pictures of the world by which he was surrounded, pictures of that queer visible world which is made up of human beings dark as Satan, of lions, of hippos, of serpents, of bearded goats, and of everything else that moves over the surface of Africa. The draughtsmanship was of course crude, but the work was executed with such spirit that I stood speechless."

It is not a pleasant book. There is no faith or hope in it. But it has a certain awful beauty.

Professors A. M. Drummond and Everett L. Hunt of Cornell University have published "Persistent Questions in Public Discussion" with abstracts from writers on either side. (Century Co.) Democracy, Education, War, Economics and Race are treated. The chapter on racial problems occupies forty pages and includes: "Racial Minorities", Geroid Tanquary Robinson; "Address at the Opening of the Atlanta Exposition", Booker T. Washington; "The Negro Problem", W. E. Burghardt DuBois.

Julia Peterkin's "Green Thursday" (Knopf) is a beautiful book. She is a southern white woman but she has the eye and the ear to see beauty and know truth. Here is one short story and a novel; a novel of Kildee the strong and little beautiful black Missie whom the wife Rose saw but as a waif. "Then she searched the child's narrow face. Her keen eyes noted the pointed chin, the curve of the purplish, dark-red lips, the delicate, bluish bloom on the black cheeks. A stranger." But Kildee loved Missie and Missie worshipped him; and God and fate and black folk, pitifully, sweetly human lived all about.

Carrie W. Clifford has published a thin volume of poems, "The Widening Light", (Walter Reid Co.) from which we quote:

"Daybreak in the meadow
and the song of the lark in the sky;
All my hopes are winging and soaring
—so high, so high!

"Nightfall in the forest
and the nightingale's sobbing song;
All my hopes are dead and the darkness
—so long, so long!"

With four poems published simultaneously in four leading magazines, Countée Cullen takes his place as our leading poet. In the November *Bookman* "Youth Sings a Song of Rosebuds" and ends:

"I must have sweets to remember by,
Some blossom saved from the mire,
Some death-rebellious ember, I
Can fan into a fire."

In the November *Harpers*, (a magazine whose relation to black folks resembles that of the Devil to Holy Water), Cullen sings of "Fruit of the Flower" and says of father and mother:

"Why should he deem it pure mischance
A son of his is fain
To do a naked tribal dance
Each time he hears the rain?

Why should she think it devil's art
That all my songs should be
Of love and lovers, broken heart,
And wild sweet agony?"

In November *Century* the poet touches the sombre note in "Yet Do I Marvel":

"Inscrutable His ways are, and immune
To catechism by a mind too strewn
With petty cares to slightly understand
What awful brain compels His awful hand.
Yet do I marvel at this curious thing:
To make a poet black, and bid him sing!"

But in the November *American Mercury* Countée Cullen rises to epic strength and full racial consciousness in his great three-page poem—"The Shroud of Color." One must read it all—it cannot be condensed; only we extract bits of its more poignant beauty like this:

"'I who have burned my hands upon a star,
And climbed high hills at dawn to view the far
Illimitable wonderments of earth,
For whom all cups have dripped the wine of mirth . . . .
Who wore a coat of many colored dreams,
Thy gift, O Lord; I whom sun-dabbled streams
Have washed; whose bare brown thighs have held the sun
Incarcerate until his course was run;'"

And this, almost the ending:

"The cries of all dark people near and far
Were billowed over me, a mighty surge
Of woe in which my petty grief must merge
And lose itself. I had no further urge
For death, I raised my dust-grimed head,
And though my lips moved not, God knew I said,
'Lord, not for what I saw in flesh or bone
Of fairer men, not raised on faith alone,
Lord, I will live—persuaded by mine own.
I cannot play the recreant to these;
My spirit has come home that sailed the doubtful seas.'"

The Outer Pocket

In your September issue Mr. Braithwaite writes on "The Negro in Literature". He says not a word about one of the mightiest friends the Negro ever had, the late Judge Albion W. Tourgée. Judge Tourgée's "A Fool's Errand" is at least as intense a book as "Uncle Tom's Cabin". It portrays southern conditions in the reconstruction era, and in the early 80's caused almost as great a commotion as Uncle Tom. The Judge followed it with "Bricks without Straw", which deals still more specifically with the Negro's side of the reconstruction problem. He wrote several other novels and tales, none of them as good as these two, but in most of them there are Negro characters and all of them are limned with utmost sympathy and frequently with great power.

We are just beginning to discover that American literature has a past. One publishing house is bringing out an "American Library" to prove it. Two or three years ago a Columbia tutor produced a life of Judge Tourgée—rather a Main Street life, to be sure, reiterating all the outworn blah about reconstruction having failed because it attempted to go too fast, etc., etc., but still a *life* of this great writer. Strange that in an article on "The Negro in Literature" Mr. Braithwaite should utterly ignore this "unknown American".

PAUL MUNTER.

I have just finished reading your able article in the current *American Mercury* and am still somewhat under the spell of your forceful, close knit English.

I am a white, American born, college educated young chap of 25—a nobody. I have no axe to grind; no oil stock to sell and no favors to ask. So please understand that this letter is just a spontaneous outburst of appreciation on my part; a positive reaction to the test you made. In my case, at least, the steel of your message has met flint and the resultant spark will smoulder into the flame of complete understanding.

But, I would know more! I'd like to spend an evening in the company of some Negro intellectual who could give me thrust and parry. Ye gods, Doctor! I didn't even *know* there were such men as yourself. It must seem a stupid thing to you, I have no doubt, but to me Negroes have always been just Negroes. I've always loved them in a way—but they were just Negroes. I've listened, nerves atingle, to their music. I've sworn by them as cooks. But—I am utterly ashamed to admit it—they were always "just Negroes".

All the while these "just Negroes" were pining for my sympathy and my understanding and my companionship.

Oh, I knew in a vague way that there were such institutions as Fisk; such men as Washington; such publications as THE CRISIS, but I hadn't given it much thought. And can you blame me? How could I be expected to know anything about or interest myself in the advancement of the colored people?

And then I read your article—Gad! It was like finding a diamond in the street.

What blind, bigoted nit wits we Anglo-Saxons are. It never occurs to us that for every one hateful characteristic we *pretend* to see in the Negro, the colored man can point to a dozen worse ones in us.

Our inferiors! Ha! The horrible jest of it all—

Listen, Doctor:

Immediately after reading your article, I became possessed of a desire to see a copy of THE CRISIS. Finding your address in the telephone book, I hastened to satisfy that desire. Was I met at the door by some gum-chewing "chippy"? I was not. A lady directed me to your office and I'm sure no white man's stenographer was ever as courteous. The mere act of buying a 15 cent magazine was rendered graceful by a gentleman of culture and refinement. The very atmosphere of your office is one of order, efficiency and refinement.

I realize, of course, that this letter is an incoherent jumble of words—Please remember that I have just awakened from a sound sleep, however.

May I have the pleasure of a 15 minutes' talk with you some day next week. I appreciate the fact that you must of necessity be a very busy man. But I think you will be doing a lot of good by answering a few questions that are bubbling to the top of my mind.

——— ———.

I want to commend you for the splendid manner in which you so openly and so completely exposed the present policies of Fisk which are depraving the minds of the student body.

In the fall of 1916, I entered Fisk. I found the campus literally blooming with ambitious youth. Days wore on into weeks, then months—I formed beautiful friendships. Everybody was happy and more or less contented; Fayette Avery McKenzie had been there but a short while. As time wore further, there began to appear "donts" and "everyone must" . . . .

Unrest grew daily among the students. Protests were offered only to be answered by Dr. McKenzie to the extent that "If there be any persons at Fisk who are not in sympathy with its policies as laid down by its head, then those persons are free to go to the school of their choice". This statement was not only made to individuals and representative groups, but was made many, many times from the rostrum of the chapel by the president. Was this statecnt not entirely out of place under the circumstances, if indeed not conceited in its very makeup? We were Negroes, yet we were not particularly wanted in a University for Negroes! Do you wonder that scores of hearts were made to grow sad? What was to be done! Meetings called by various groups and organizations of the student body were consistently blocked, until finally the edict, "that under no circumstances should there be a meeting among students without the presence of a faculty member". Some requested that their credits be transferred to schools elsewhere. In these events, Dr. McKenzie proved himself reluctant to keep his word, for he almost invariably tried to out-talk the students by giving them a bit of "sweet talk" garnished with semi-promises. One group of students from Kentucky requested their credits and were refused for one of his own reasons. Law suit threatened the University before they were released. Personally I requested my credits of Dr. McKenzie and he very tactfully evaded the issue at hand. I attribute this to the fact that that I was considered a "bad influence" at I told him of my intention to enter Howard University, for I want it to be remembered that time.

And so here we were, five hundred or more, living under the strain of a white man's eccentric rule; living like slaves; with no voice whatever, and yet enjoying immensely the society, good will and sympathy of our fellow students and few of the faculty at such times as were very infrequently granted us. Thus a minimum of happiness and an overdose of unpleasantness and humiliation marked the lives of Fiskites during my day.

Many of our parents see Fisk today even as they and you saw it in youth. Unfortunate for me, my father knows only the one Fisk. Between the happiness which was seldom ours and the great depression which bore constantly upon us, we learned to love Fisk even as our forefathers did, so we called it the "Beautiful Hell". Under these conditions, some few who seemed to have a super endurance, or who were forced to remain because of their parents' wish, gritted their teeth and pushed on toward their goal. These are to be lauded, for their paths were more than rocky . . .

Other daughters and sons made charges too, but the faith and trust that their parents had in the Fisk that they knew outweighed these charges. They did not even suspect such things to be true and therefore made no investigation. The result is that some students were forced to remain under the iron rule, and are at present being forced to remain, because of utter ignorance on the part of their parents. Therefore, for this reason alone, your message should be read (and I hope it will be) not only by parents of students gone on, but also, both by every parent who is represented at Fisk now, and by every parent who is facing the problem of finding a suitable school for his or her child, and serve as a means of preventing them sending their children to a school which now lives, not so much by what it is, but rather by what it used to be.

Agreeing with you heartily, I too, believe that a new President and a reformed Board of Trustees is the only solution for the problem of reestablishing the Fisk as was widely known in the days of yore. . . . .

Again, please allow me to commend you. Too much praise cannot be given. Your exposition of Fisk, backed by one hundred per cent of the recent Alumni and ex-Fiskites, will undoubtedly shape the destiny of many of our youth at High School age.

———— ————

The Looking Glass

THE WORLD AND US

THE English Labor Party has lost and won. It lost its predominant place in the English parliament but it won an extra million of popular votes; and it won a place in the esteem of the world in the great work which it has done for international peace. It failed in its colonial policy, especially in Egypt and partially in West Africa and India. Yet the hope of England rests in the future of the labor party.

¶ Anatole France is dead. We have no parallel in America of such a sort of literary man. We have "best sellers", writers, and hacks but no Masters; and yet how many of us know this man, dare be large enough to enjoy his skepticism, his learning, his calm superiority? Why not try "Crainquebille"?

¶ There is one great leader in China, Dr. Sun Yat-Sen, and it is that leader that Europe is conspiring to crush. The one thing that Europe wants is China not well led.

¶ The revelation of the money spent by the Republicans in the last campaign is the greatest attack upon popular institutions that this country has suffered since the McKinley election. We buy elections in America, or we try to.

¶ They have tried Italian Fascism in Spain and when some daring men opposed the military despotism in a meeting at the Palace Hotel they were put in jail. I remember the Palace Hotel. I remember the marvelous and costly carpet in the foyer.

¶ Fosdick and Grant have been pried out of their pulpits but their sun is not setting. It is rising.

¶ The Permanent League of Nations Mandate Commission is meeting in Geneva and hearing reports on colonies entrusted to various nations. Naturally the nations are smiling but the commission is serious.

¶ Hampton and Tuskegee have an endowment of $5,100,000 to which the General Education Board has promised another $2,000,000 provided they raise $2,000,000, which would make a total endowment of $9,000,000.

LITERATURE

THE *Howard Review* published by Howard University is the first great college quarterly of serious scientific purpose published by the American Negro. It is a worthy effort. Its paper and typographing are excellent and its proof-reading good. Dudley W. Woodard is editor-in-chief, assisted by E. E. Just, St. Elmo Brady, A. L. Locke and D. O. W. Holmes. The June number, 1924, has these articles: "The Negro in The District of Columbia during Reconstruction", William Hazaiah Williams; "The Question of the Origin of the Roman Satire", George Morton Lightfoot; "An Analysis of Some Factors Influencing Alpha Scores by States", Howard H. Long; "The Nature of Emotion", Francis C. Sumner; "A Negro Industrial Group", E. Franklin Frazier; "The Dramatic Technique of the Domestic Scenes in Shakespeare", Wayne L. Hopkins; "The Correlation of Success in Extra-Curricular Activities and Success in Scholarship", Roberta E. Yancey; "Lord Byron's Tribute to Friendship", Charles Eaton Burch; "The Concept of Race as Applied to Social Culture", Alain LeRoy Locke.

The speech of Mr. James Weldon Johnson on "The Race Problem and Peace", made at the sixth International Summer School of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, in May, 1924, has been published in pamphlet form. We quote one striking passage:

Man for man, I judge that any of the armies of Europe would have their hands full taking Africa. But to go against spears and assegais with rapid-fire guns, high explosives and airplanes is not playing the game fairly. In the modern sense Africa is weak, but for the good of the world as well as for the good of Africa we need to guard against that weakness. For the good of one's own soul what he needs to guard against in his opponent is not his opponent's strength but his opponent's weakness. The negative power of a man's opponent is what he needs to fear. We had the demonstration of the tremendous negative power which Africa has had over the world because of her weakness and because of the crimes that have been committed against her by those who felt themselves strong. Take all the wrongs committed

against Africa for those thirty years preceding the Great War, the treacheries, the butcheries, the violence, the spoliation, add them all up and balance them against the suffering and misery brought to Europe by five years of war and what has followed. There you have the negative power of Africa!

* * *

"THE FIRE IN THE FLINT"

The reviews of Walter White's "Fire in the Flint" are most entertaining. Laurence Stallings, a playwright, a "colyumist" and also a Southerner, says in the *New York World*: "Georgia has long needed a rousing novelist to use some of the masses of material that the state wallows in . . . Yet Georgia will not be proud of its newest novelist . . . If his book . . . were to be read by the shaggy citizenry of southern Georgia I dare say Mr. White would be greeted at the train by a literary committee clad in white robes and red crosses and escorted to a discreet part of the town to be elevated to an eminence. . . . 'The Fire in the Flint' you say should be read to every Southerner. Oh yes, and to General Dawes of way down south in Chicago."

* * *

Zona Gale in the *Saturday Review of Literature* says: "The finale is as intense as Greek tragedy, as extreme and as restrained." A writer in the *New York Times* says: "This is pretty strong meat. I know nothing of conditions in the South. Mr. White should. Certainly he writes of them with power."

The *New York Evening Post* assigns Mr. White's book "a place very near the top of the list of novels that deal with the race problem." The Nea Service says the book is "The Negro's 'Main Street'".

The Independent thinks that as a picture of life the book is false but acknowledges that it is "a cry of the oppressed, of a people genuinely oppressed and dishonestly abused."

The *New York Herald-Tribune* calls the book one "that lives and breathes by the terrible truth and reality of its circumstances." The *Nation* says that "is a stirring novel, beautifully and passionately written." The *New York Sun* does not like the book but calls it an "impassionate interpretation of the aspiring Negro of the south".

In the *Forum* the book provokes "only disgust and a mild amusement" for Judge Blanton Fortson, while Mr. Pickens says it is "one of the best productions of its kind."

Life calls the book "a great achievement". The *Bookman* speaks of it as a "moving piece of writing". The *Chicago Evening Post* finds in its publication "a sign that some sort of leavening interest in reality is working among the reading public".

The South has had to notice the book. The Savannah, Georgia, *Press* in a column editorial calls it "a book of lies". The Columbia *State* lists it as "prejudiced". The *Macon Telegraph* talks of the matter by the column and reads Stallings straight out of the South. "Stupidity or meanness" it calls his review. Especially is the *Telegraph* furious because Stallings called White "Mr." But Coleman Hill writing in the same paper says: "I wonder if these charges coming from reputable Macon men do not testify to the truth of some of Stallings' and White's contentions".

* * *

We have received Henley's Twentieth Century Book of Recipes, Formulas and Processes with 800 pages of information and 21 pages of index. (The N. W. Henley Publishing Company.)

* * *

THE KIAMA

CONTINUALLY more testimony is coming on ancient African civilization. In the London, England, "Morning Post", September 19, is printed an article on the Kiama or Council of Elders of the tribes of Central Africa. It is written by R. St. Barbe Baker and we quote a bit:

Little is known to the European of the ancient history of Central Africa, for this knowledge is revealed only to those who have been received into the Kiama. This ancient Inter-tribal institution closely guards the secret of the past, which has been handed down by word of mouth through its members. It represents the combined intelligence of the wisest native Africans. It is, in fact, what remains of a League of the Nations of Central and Equatorial Africa. Its members look back upon a golden age of splendour and regality. It is believed that the ancient kingdom of Equatorial Africa comprised a territory about twice the size of Europe. Some romanticists might conclude that the conception of the ancient Kingdom is founded on the preaching and teaching of Prester John. Be that as it may, the idea almost universally persists, but all that remains of its pristine glory is today represented in the Kiama.

GARVEY

MANY groups, in the beginning of Garvey's career, hoped for alliance with this new leader. Especially was this true of radical white laborers; and they kept hoping in the face of facts even up to the time of his last convention. But Robert Minor, who attended that convention, has lost most of his illusions. He still believes that the Negro "intelligentsia" is dead wrong in its leadership of the masses but he admits that Garvey's attitude toward President Harding's Birmingham speech was the beginning of disillusion. He says in the October *Liberator* in an article on "Head Handkerchief Negro Leaders":

Amid the applause of all the keener-witted organs of Southern capitalism, we see Marcus Garvey running like a good old "Uncle Tom" to do as much bowing and scraping in the plantation style as can be done over the cold wires of the Western Union Telegraph company.

It might be wondered whether Garvey didn't take this incident as laying the basis for his whole future policy of kow-towing to the Southern ruling class. For, since then, he has constantly appealed to the Southern white wealthy class with fervid denunciations of those Negroes who, as he puts it, seek the equality of "Negroes and whites in the same hotels, homes, residence districts, public and private places, etc."

Slavishness can hardly go further than this.

But treason to his toiling race did go further. In October, 1922, Garvey carried his course to its logical climax in a friendly visit to the Imperial Giant of the Ku Klux Klan, Edward Young Clarke, at Atlanta, Georgia. In the headquarters of the Ku Klux Klan in Atlanta he seems to have found the formula:

The attitude of the Ku Klux Klan to the Negro is fairly representative of the feelings of the majority of the white race toward the Negro; therefore, the only solution of the situation is for the Negroes to secure for themselves a government of their own on African soil. (The substance of this has been adopted as a definition of its policy toward the Ku Klux Klan by the U. N. I. A.)

The charge is made by other Negro leaders that Garvey made such a formula the basis of an agreement that the Negro organization would fight all Negro "equality" organizations, would not fight the Klan, and would organize the Negroes to migrate "back to Africa" thus supposedly ridding the Klan of the presence of the race that it hates. (The complete idiocy of the idea that the Southern ruling class would permit the ten millions of its black labor-supply to leave the country, even if that were possible, does not bar it from the minds of a Garvey and a Klan chief.)

In short, Garvey did everything that was humanly possible and left no boots unlicked in the effort to make himself a "white man's nigger" in the eyes of the white ruling class, and at the same time, a "Negro Moses" in the eyes of the suffering black masses.

And so Garvey's shield reads on one side: "Deport the damned niggers to Africa," and on the other side: "Let us go to our glorious Homeland in Africa!"

* * *

Minor thinks that the arrest and conviction of Garvey for fraud was a government trick and commends those Negroes who hastened to Garvey's defense and made a hero of him. Minor continues:

But the hero meantime, on closer inspection, is seen employing every device of servility toward the ruling class and officialdom to get out of prison. He wrote cajoling and begging letters to the big White Masters, protesting that he did not seek any rights for the Negro in these United States, but only in far-away Africa. Soon Garvey was out on bond and proceeding with his old way.

The "handkerchief-head" who diverts hatred from the master of the Great House must logically claim his reward in victuals and cast-off clothing, at the Great House kitchen door. This Garvey did.

There seems to be no limit to the servility of which Marcus Garvey is capable. In the last convention of the Universal Negro Improvement Association, held in August, 1924, the indication that he had actually made an "arrangement" with the Ku Klux Klan was too plain for doubt—it was practically admitted. A strong appeal to the convention by the Workers Party, requesting the convention to reconsider its stand on the Klan, created a sensation but was turned down. Garvey openly spoke against "antagonizing" the Klan which exists largely and primarily for the purpose of terrorizing and murdering Negroes so as to keep them in subjection.

Marcus Garvey turns out to be but one more of the long line of "handkerchief-head" leaders who seem endlessly to curse the Negro in America.

A CANDIDATE

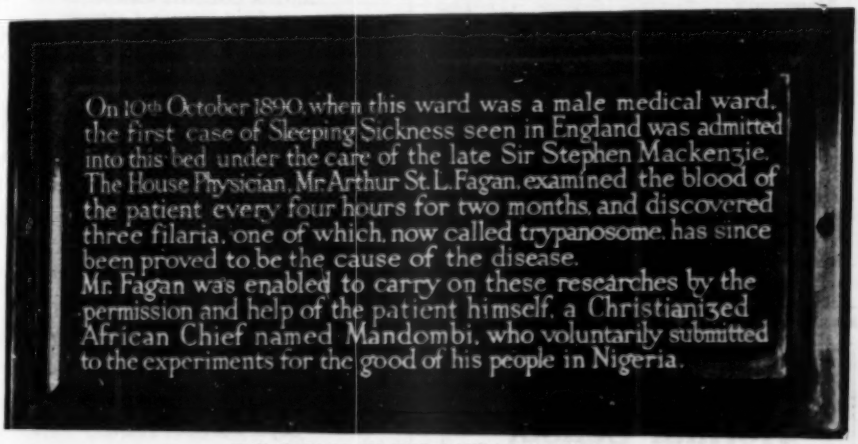
HELENA HILL WEED is a candidate for the United States Senate in Connecticut. The election comes December 16. We hope that every Negro voter and every friend of the Negro race will vote for Miss Weed. She was secretary of the Haiti-Santo Domingo Independence Society and did splendid work for it. She was among the first to commend and substantiate the investigation in Haiti by James Weldon Johnson. On all matters of democracy and color she is firm and square.

MARTYRS OF SCIENCE

THE *Medical Review of Reviews* publishes this note:

The martyrs of science are not wont to receive an excess of publicity, but when such martyrs happen to have an unfavorable balance of pigment in their skins, history is particularly tempted to observe complete silence. Yet when a man offers himself to save a million lives, as Chief Mandombi did, he deserves a small place in the memory of men. And, so it is that, after a silence of thirty-two years, a little memorial tablet at last is to be placed in the London hospital over the bed where the African Chieftain died that his people might be saved and that science might solve a troublesome mystery. Something of the story of the Chief's fine self-sacrifice and the effort of the scientists to make the most of it was told recently by Dr. Arthur St. L. Fagan, who at the time Mandombi offered himself for experimentation, was house physician at the London Hospital under Sir Stephen Mackenzie. "Mandombi", said Dr. Fagan, "was a fine type of African Negro, who in the Congo had come under the influence of Dr. Grattan Guinness, and embraced Christianity. Like so many of his unfortunate fellow-countrymen, he had become a victim of the dreadful disease of sleeping sickness, and suggested to Dr. Guinness that he should, for the good of his race, allow himself to be experimented upon, with the result that he was sent to England and came under my charge in October, 1890, at the London Hospital, where I was then house surgeon. Thenceforward for nearly three months I took specimens of his blood day and night every four hours, a task which nearly killed me, incidentally, although at that time I was extremely fit and a keen international footballer, but, unfortunately, we could not save Mandombi's life. Nevertheless, the experiments he allowed us to make enabled me to make the test which had never before been applied, of examining the blood of the patient, with the result that I found the little ribbon-like trypanosomes or worms which were the cause of the disease".

Asked how Mandombi's story remained obscure for so many years, Dr. Fagan said, with a shrug: "The fact is Dr. Stephen Mackenzie, as he then was, not only took away all the charts and data I had kept concerning every test that had been made, but for the purposes of his lectures on the discovery he took the personal records of Mandombi, and there is no trace at the hospital that there ever was such a patient there. In fact, I had to go myself and point out to them the bed where the chief used to lie, above which the tablet is shortly to be placed. Except some references in medical papers of the time, there has, hitherto, I believe, been absolutely no record of the case, although I am thankful to say that as a result of the discoveries that have since been made literally millions of lives must have been saved, both of Negroes and of white men, who otherwise would have inevitably become infected with the disease".


On 10th October 1890, when this ward was a male medical ward,
the first case of Sleeping Sickness seen in England was admitted
into this bed under the care of the late Sir Stephen Mackenzie.
The House Physician, Mr Arthur St. L. Fagan, examined the blood of
the patient every four hours for two months, and discovered
three filaria, one of which, now called trypanosome, has since
been proved to be the cause of the disease.
Mr. Fagan was enabled to carry on these researches by the
permission and help of the patient himself, a Christianized
African Chief named Mandombi, who voluntarily submitted
to the experiments for the good of his people in Nigeria.

THE TABLET IN THE LONDON HOSPITAL

* * *

We notice that Sir Stephen McKenzie and Mr. Fagan got their names well toward the head of the tablet.

¶ From July 1, 1923, to June 30, 1924, the Julius Rosenwald Fund appropriated for its work in aiding the construction of Negro schools in 14 Southern states a total of $552,030. Of this amount, Mississippi was allotted $66,100, with which she undertook to construct 82 school houses. For the fiscal year July 1, 1924, to June 30, 1925, the Fund will appropriate $476,630. Of this amount Mississippi will get $56,800.

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